

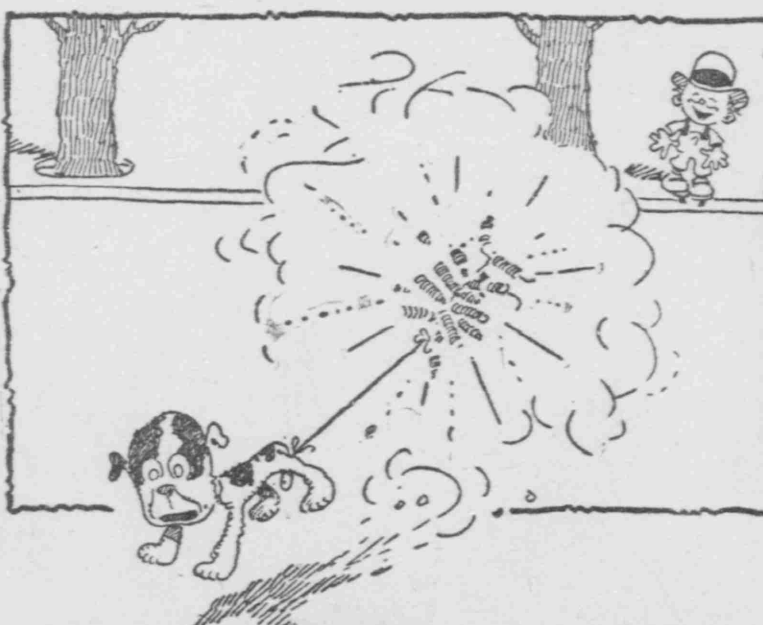
A PAGE OF FUN



DEFIANCE.
Wide—There is no doubt about it, the youngsters of today have the spirit of '76 in their veins.
Hubby—Yes; the only difficulty is that, having no kingly tyrant to defy, they insist on defying the well-meaning and necessary police.



OH, THOSE NAMES.
Willie—Papa, why are they firing off the cannon?
Papa—To celebrate our throwing off the yoke of foreign rule. There will also be speeches by Governor McManus, Mayor Hohendorf, Senator Rabonobitsky and music by the Irish Choir and German Singing Association.
HAD THE INDIGESTION.
Cannibal Chief—What was that fellow's business that I ate for dinner?
His Cook—A typesetter, Sir.
Cannibal Chief—Well, he doesn't seem to set very well now.



ON THE GO.
The Ki-Yi—Every dog has his day; but the Glorious Fourth ain't ours by a blame sight.



A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.
Spread eagle Orator (excitably)—Remember, patriots, the American eagle, whether it is roaming the jungles of the Philippines, climbing the mountains of Hawaii or wimming the broad Pacific, will not draw in its horn or retire into its shell!

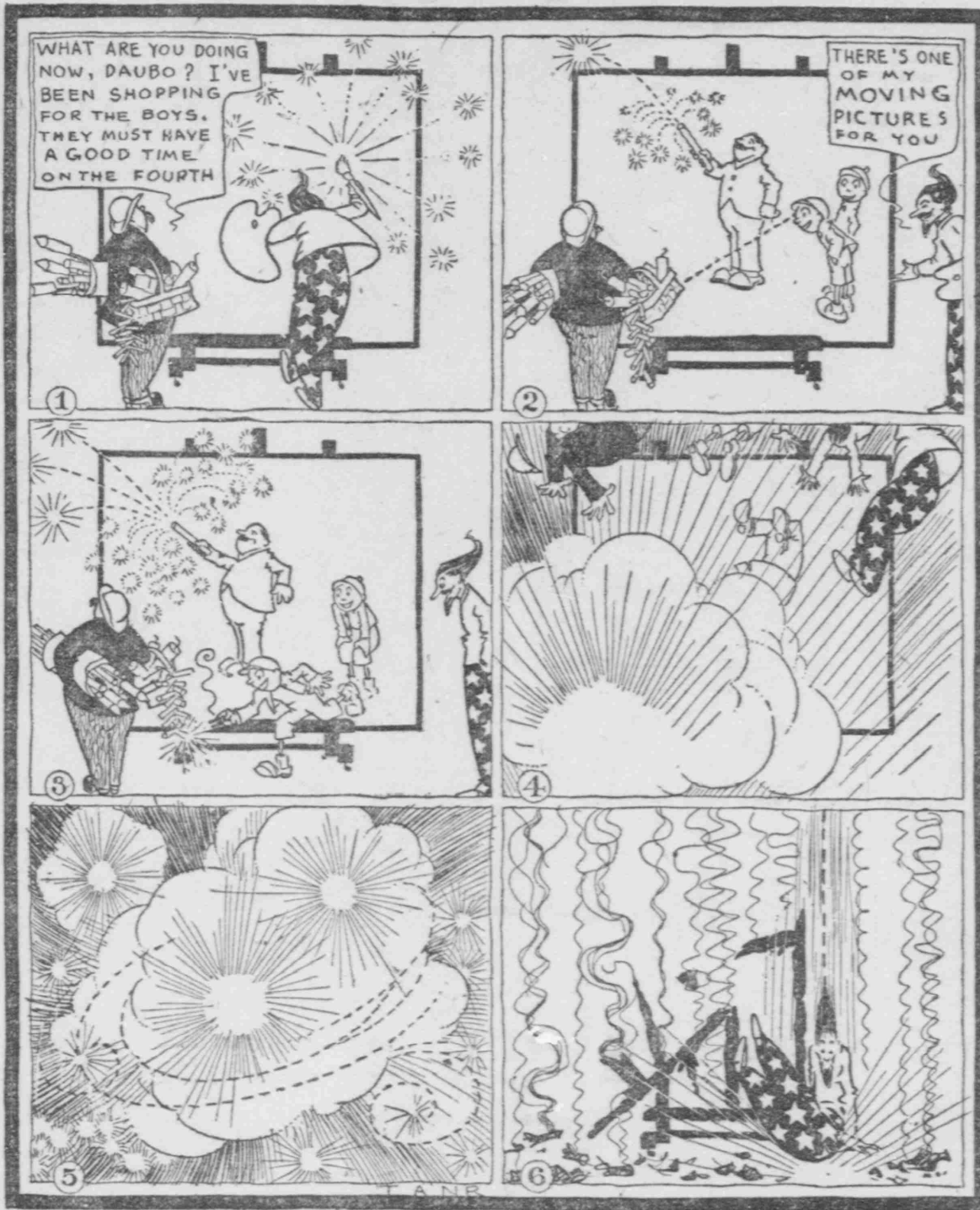
JOHNNY ON THE FOURTH.

"I shall be up at 4 o'clock in the morning to hurray for the Continental Congress. If it had talked half as much as this present Congress we never should have gained our liberties.
"I shall also hurray for Washington. When he cut that cherry tree down it showed that he was born to lick the British.
"My yells will wake up the boy living next door, and if he comes out to say anything against Paul Jones there will be a hair-pulling match that will leave him a wreck.
"Cheers for Paul Revere! If he had

only waited a hundred years and taken an auto instead of riding an old horse he'd have got there sooner, but he did his best.
"Yells for Bunker Hill! If the ashman comes up the alley and wants to know what I'm disturbing the United States for I'll call him Tory and stand right up to him.
"Hurray for the men that threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor! They turned from drinking tea to drinking buttermilk and never made a kick. That's the way to save your country.
"Whoop for Yorktown! Lord Cornwallis camped down there and said to

his soldiers: 'Now let Mr. Washington and the Frenchmen come on and fall into my little trap.' They came and soon the proud head of the boastful lord was laid low.
"And hurray for the Liberty Bell! When the Declaration of Independence was signed it pealed forth its notes to all the world. I don't know that the price of butter and eggs came down any, but I am sure the price of liberty went up. If the time ever comes again when patriots are wanted to peel Liberty Bells, let us all hasten to become peelers."
JOE KERR.

Professor Daubo and His Realistic Painting.



The Glorious Fourth.

A FINANCIAL DISLOCATION.
Sandford—Insolvent, eh? Where are you going to locate now?
Merton—Nowhere. I'm dislocated, I'm broke!
HER OWN AFFAIR.
Old Rooster—What do you think you are going to hatch out of that door-knob and that piece of brick?
Old Hen (derelictly)—I'll hatch a sky-scraper if I want to. You go and attend to your own affairs. I'm running this branch of the business.
HIS IDEA.
Henderson—I'm going for the doctor. My wife has been asleep two days. Hen-peck—How lucky.
NO PRIVACY NOWADAYS.
It's a shame the way these newspapers invade one's privacy.
"Right you are; it's getting so that a man can't beat his wife without publicity."



A Celebration.



The "Sooicides" of Sam. (First attempt.)



He Had It Pat.

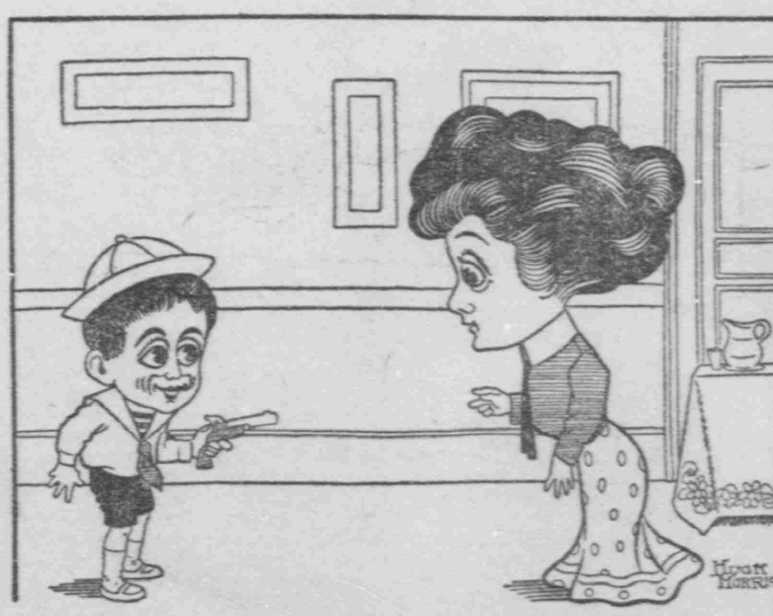
"I knew three or four Cuban school-boys when I was stationed in that island," said an American Army officer. "And at least one among them was very curious about American history. I finally got him one of our school histories, and after two or three days he came to me and said:
"Senor, now I know all about you Americans?"
"Yes."
"You threw some tea into the water."
"Yes."
"You wrote on a paper that you would be independent or die."
"We did."
"You said there should be a Fourth of July."
"That's correct."
"You engaged a Mister Washington as your general, and he had great success."
"Very great."
"And there was fought the battle of Bunker Hill, and Mr. Bunker was killed."
"I believe so."
"And then you became so vexed that you chased the British around until they were tired out, and then King George sent them a cablegram, saying: 'What do you over in America? Come home at once.' And they all went home, and Mister Washington was glad, and your people were glad, and so you have a Fourth of July and all is lovely. Oh, I have got the history of your country down pat!"
JOE KERR.



THE DISCRIMINATING BIRD.
The Man—Polly want a cracker?
The Bird (meditatively)—If you refer to one of those villainous detonations wrapped in red paper and associated inevitably with a wanton youth, I am forced to answer your courteous inquiry with a decided negative.

Hints For the Day.

Don't drink more than a quart of lemonade before breakfast.
Don't give the baby firecrackers to chew on.
Don't yell for Old Glory with your mouth full of pennies.
If a marble shot from a toy cannon scrapes one of your eyebrows off don't try to discourage other patriots from celebrating the day. Get a false eyebrow and continue to whoop it up.
Don't keep your powder, punk and matches in the same pocket. If you do, and if you are blown over a house, try to come down as gracefully as you can.
Don't interfere with the red-headed boy who has loaded a piece of gaspipe with powder and wants to see what will happen. Take to your legs and leave the red-headed boy to find out.
Don't expect the family cat is going to sit quiet on the front steps while the bunch of crackers you have tied to her tail explodes. About the time the first cracker goes off you can ring in a fire alarm.
Don't try to do all the yelling for the United States. There are a few others of us, men and boys who wish to utter a whoop or two to show our patriotism.
Don't go around bragging how many countries we can lick with one hand tied behind us. Of course, we can lick a dozen or more, but there's no use making them feel bad by saying so.
Don't shoot cannon firecrackers by the wrong end.
Don't shoot Roman candles into a haystack.
Don't hang to the sticks of skyrocket and be carried off, for there'll be another Fourth of July next year and we'll need you to help celebrate.
JOE KERR.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.
Mrs. Pondmar—Johnny, who gave you that horrid toy pistol?
Johnny—The doctor that moved into the new house across the street!